

To Miss Sarah E. M^c Guire
Jackson M^c

Leave thee, let me weep

POETRY BY

MRS. HEEMANS

Music by

A. C. FARNHAM.

PIANO

GUITAR



ST LOUIS

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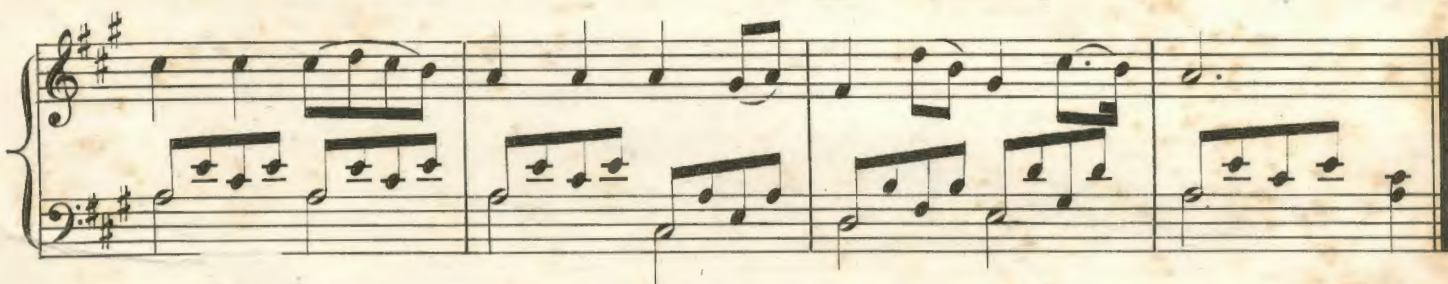
I LEAVE THEE, LET ME WEEP.

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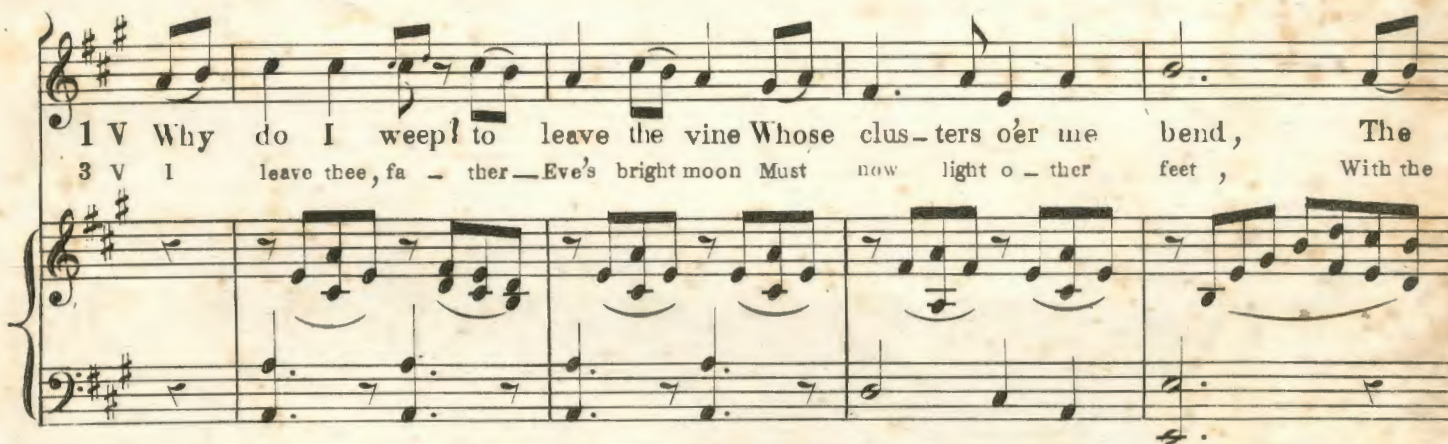
Poetry by Mrs. Hemans.

Music by A.C. Farnham.

Moderato.



1 V Why do I weep? to leave the vine Whose clus-ters o'er me bend, The
3 V I leave thee, fa - ther—Eve's bright moon Must now light o - ther feet, With the



myrt-le—yet, oh! call it mine! The flowers I love to tend, A
ga - thered grapes and lyre in tune, Thy home ward steps to greet! Thou



thou-sand thoughts of all things dear, Like sha-dows o'er me sweep, I
in whose voice, to bless thy child, Lay tones of love so deep, Whose

mf

leave my sun - ny childhood here, Oh! therefore, let me weep!
eye o'er all my youth hath smiled, I leave thee — let me weep!

ritard.

mf

2 V I leave thee, sis - ter! — we have played Through many a joy - ous hour, When the
4 V Moth - er, I leave thee! on thy breast Pouring out joy and woe, I have

p

sil-vry green of the o--live shade Hung din o'er the fount and the bower! Yes,
found that ho - ly place of rest Still change-less—yet I go! Lips

thou and I, by stream, by shore, In song, in prayer, in sleep, Have
that have lulled me with your strain, Eyes that have watched my sleep! Will

been as we may be no more, Sweet sister, let me weep!
earth give love like yours a - gain? Kind mother!—let me weep!

mf

